For the Children.

A BIT OF MENDING.

Dainty little flaxen-haired
Lady of three,
Sitting so patiently
Under the tree,
Solemnly wondering
What she shall see.

Something had eaten
The pansy leaves;
Mamma had wondered
Who were the thieves;
And Daisy thought she'd
Discover these.

Suddenly a butterfly
Flew that way,
(Wings all torn in some
Recent fray,)
And settled right there
On a pansy gay.

Quick (with the impulse
A swift thought brings)
Daisy called "Mamma!
I know the things!
Butterflies take them
To mend their wings!"—*Wide-Awake.*

The New Scholar.

"Girls, what do you think? we are to have a new scholar!" said Florence Macfarland, entering the school-room in a somewhat excited manner.

"How did you hear the news, Flo?" asked Georgie Hamilton. "I hope it is to be some one we shall like."

"I can't say for certain, but just as I had finished practicing and was coming out of the music-room I overheard Miss Walker ask Mrs. Ensley about the new scholar that was to be here soon, and what classes they should put her in. Mrs. Ensley said something about her being delicate and not much advanced in her studies."

"Oh, I should not wonder if it was Ida Bowman!" exclaimed Susie Reed.

"Ida Bowman; who is she?" asked a chorus of voices.

"Why, haven't you heard of the Bowmans who have recently come here?"

"Do you mean those new-comers who have bought the Miller property and forwarded such elegant furniture from Boston?"

"Yes. Some of the family came on last week. They were in church on Sunday and looked quite stylish. Mother says there is an only daughter about my age, but she is in rather delicate health and did not come on at once, as she is under the doctor's care."

"Then, Susie, I presume it was of her Mrs. Ensley spoke with so much feeling," replied Florence Macfarland. "She said something about nervous prostration, and great care needed in not overtasking her strength, though she was rather behind-hand with her studies."

"Yes, certainly; it must be Ida Bowman who is coming here to school," added Georgie Hamilton. And the matter was discussed with pleasure until the bell rang for school.

"The Miller mansion," as it was called, was an elegant residence set back upon a high knoll and surrounded by fine old trees. There was a broad carriage drive up to the house, encircling a smoothly-mown lawn, with here and there a few choice blooming shrubs. It was upon this lawn that Susie Reed first saw the little girl of whom they had been talking.

"Girls, she has come! Ida Bowman has come! I saw her on my way to school. And she is just lovely!"

"Where did you see her?" and, "Do describe her to us!" were the exclamations that greeted Susie Reed.

"I saw her upon the lawn. She was in a wheel-chair. Her lap was full of flowers, and a splendid Newfoundland dog seemed to be on guard. Once or twice he actually went behind her chair and pushed it as she directed him. They made a beautiful picture, for Ida has long golden ringlets and she was elegantly dressed in lihgt blue silk or something of the kind."

"I wonder if she is a cripple," said Georgie Hamilton. "Well, we must pet and make much of her, for it will be splendid to have a rich and aristocratic girl in our school. We've had so many poor ones of late that I declare it makes our school-room actually look dingy."

"So, Georgie, you are for having only bright butterflies of fashion about you?" said a pleasant voice near the group of girls.

Georgie looked up and felt somewhat abashed as she saw Miss Walker, who, unnoticed, had entered the room where the few who usually went together were early assembled.

"Don't you think beauty and wealth attractive, Miss Walker?" asked Flora Macfarland.

"Certainly, in some respects. But you must remember 'handsome is that handsome does,' and in a school of this kind it is very invidious to form companionship by such criterions. I have noticed of late, and much regret, that little cliques are formed among you, and that some plainly dressed but otherwise bright scholars are receiving the cold shoulder. I should be extremely sorry, if Ida Bowman's coming adds to this feeling of exclusiveness, simply because her father happens to be blessed with a large share of this world's wealth."

As Miss Walker ceased speaking the school bell rang.

"Quite a lecture," whispered Susie Reed, as they turned to take their seats. "Well, anyhow, I don't mean to associate with all sorts of people in nor out of school."

Flora laughed, but Georgie looked sober. She was thinking of what Miss Walker had just said, and wondered if she had not of late somewhat slighted a few of the scholars. "But then," she mentally said, "Susie Reed, Flo Macfarland and Kate Bryant have such a way of making others follow in their lead."

A new influence, however, was to come among them. Ida Bowman, in her little wheel-chair, propelled by a pleasant appearing nurse, and headed by the stately Newfoundland dog, daily made their appearance at the school-room door, where Ida was left for a few recitations. She was not exactly a cripple, but had fallen out of her swing and badly hurt her thigh. The fright was a shock to her nervous system, so she was very ill after it. It left her somewhat weak and delicate, and as the thigh was still a little painful, the doctor objected to her using it much until she grew stronger, so she spent most of her time out of doors in her wheel-chair, with Nero for her companion.

Susie Reed, as near neighbor, was almost officiously polite to the little stranger. Flora Macfarland, too, tried to make herself of importance to the new scholar. But somehow Ida, though gentle and polite to all, seemed to more readily accept kindnesses from the poorer children. To the surprise of the exclusive clique, the very ones whom they had slighted as almost beneath their notice, Ida would gather around her at recess, and share with them her fruit, nuts and candy.

"Why, she is not the least bit proud or stuck up, like some of the girls," said Bessie Clark.

"No, indeed," added Carrie Wood. "She talked as sweetly to me yesterday as though I was dressed in silk. I don't believe she would hurt our feelings by calling us 'the calico girls,' as some of the girls have done, because we can't dress as fine as they do."

"She is a dear little lady," said another. "Mother says no true lady is ever proud or stuck up."

"That's so," responded Bessie. "And I do believe she is a good little Christian, too, for she is gentle and patient even when in pain, and never gets passionately angry, as some of the girls do at the least thing. She looked so sorry the other day, when Susie Reed got mad about something and almost struck Jenny Marsh. I heard her softly say, 'The Bible teaches us to love one another.'"

Ida Bowman was indeed a mystery and study to them all; and it was not long before her influence for good was felt in the school, and the proud, haughty girls found that, if they would make friends with Ida Bowman, it must be in a different way from the exclusive one they had devised and talked over. Miss Walker and Mrs. Ensley also noticed with pleasure the greater harmony among their pupils, and remarked:

"How true it is that a little leaven leaveneth the whole. Ida Bowman shows us this by almost unconsciously scattering about her good seeds that are beginning to bear rich fruits."

And thus the new scholar proved a blessing to them all by her sweet, gentle, Christlike ways.—*New York Observer.*

Joe's Chill.

Sometimes when Joe comes home from school he is a wild Indian, sometimes he is a Rocky Mountain grizzly, sometimes he is an honest miner. One night he bounded into the yard with a yell and rushed into the house more like a "norther" than anything else. The doors tore open as though of themselves, but wouldn't shut; the chairs fell down and one or two tables and work baskets went over. His older sister said, "O Joe!" and put her fingers in her ears, and the cat ran under the sofa. Only the baby liked it. He crowed and squealed, trying to make as much noise in his way as Joe himself.

"I'm on the debate! I'm on the debate! Which is more useful, the horse or the cow, that is the question we have got to discuss, and we chose sides and I chose the horse. The horse! I reckon I did choose the horse! I'd give more for a pony to-day, if it wasn't bigger than a rat, than I would for all the old cows this side of sunsise. I'm to find out all I can about horses, about shoeing them and what they do with their hair and how many teeth they have and everything like that," said Joe.

"All kinds of horses? Saw-horses and clothes-horses and the horse marine?" asked Jim.

Joe did not answer. He was already reading from Johnson's cyclopedia: "Its perception is quick, its memory retentive and it is capable of much affection. It is surpassed in docility by no animal, except the dog and perhaps the elephant. Its flesh is often used for food."

After this Joe did not say much to his family, but was running after the blacksmith and stable-men, or reading books on natural history. So at last came the evening for debate. Everybody was ready, father, mother, Jim and Susan and Cora, but where was Joe?

"Josey! Josey!" called his mother. "Come, where are you? We are all ready."

"Where *is* Joe? I haven't seen him," said Susan.

"Probably he is off somewhere by himself speaking over his piece," answered the mother, fondly. Then his father called, and upon that Joe replied. "Here I am," said he, from behind the kitchen stove, where he sat curled up in a dreary looking bunch. "I don't believe I can go; I don't feel well; I feel like I'm going to have a chill."

"O Joe!" cried Cora, "when you've got your side all ready so beautiful. That is dreadful. Mayn't I say it for you? Can't I, mother?"

Joe shivered and held his hands out toward the fire, but did not answer.

"Start along children, you and mother, I'll overtake you," said the father. "Joe," he continued when the door had closed after them, "I wouldn't give up to it. When I was a boy there were no lyceums or debating clubs where I lived, and nothing to draw me out to speak. And now, when I am a man, I can't do it. I'd give all the horses I have, and cows too, if I'd learned to talk in public when I was young. Nobody minds it, if a boy does break down and stammer some; but he can never begin so easily when he is a man. Come, my son, put on your hat and go with me."

Joe turned red and he turned white, but he put on his hat, and pulling it well down over his eyes followed his father. At every step he thought he could not take another forward, but something seemed to be pulling him along. The school-house appeared also to be coming to meet him, and they were there before he had quite made up his mind to turn back. He entered the long, low hall, wishing that it was nothing worse than being shot or hung that was before him.

He was quite over his chill now, or else the fever had set in, and his heart beat so hard he wondered the next boy didn't hear it and look around. But still everything went right on. The three who were to decide the question were chosen, and seated on the platform beside the president and the debate opened. Then Joe's turn came. As he walked forward the boards of the floor appeared to rise before him, so he was not sure where he should step, and immediately the room seemed full of eyes. They were all friendly eyes, however, and what if Joe did forget all the fine turns he had made beforehand? And what if his sentences did get so tangled that he had to stop suddenly and begin over again. Everybody smiled on instead of at him, and applauded when he had finished, just as though he had done as well as he meant to. They all took it so as a matter of course, that in a few days he had almost forgotten his little blunders and mortifications, and when the next debate came off was not half so frightened.

Some of our most popular lecturers have said that they never face an audience without a feeling of dread. So it is not strange, if Joe has not yet thrown off all shyness about speaking. But he doesn't give up to it, and his father has nearly decided to let him study law.

"For I'd like a business that will give me a chance to spout," says Joe.—*Frances Lee, in Congregationalist*

THERE are three kinds of wills in the world—the wills, the won'ts and the can'ts. The first effect everything, the next oppose everything, and the last fail in everything.